No. 2328.—Vol. 90.

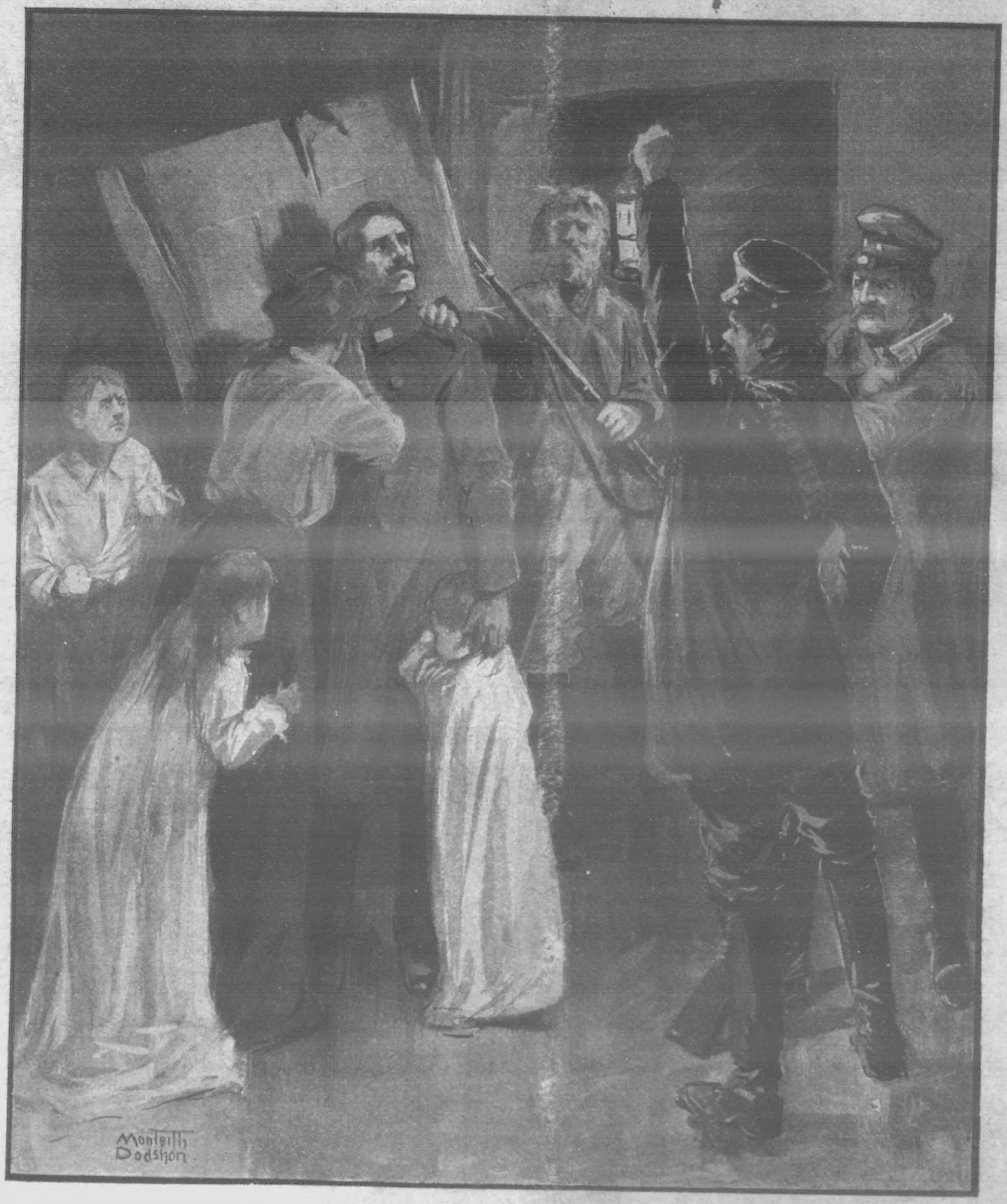
THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

January 6, 1906.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

London: Printed and Published for the Proprietors at 18 Henrietta Street, Strand, W.C.

All the News of the Week in Pictures.



CHIEF OF POLICE SHOT.

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If you would eat with zest and enjoyment, and in the full assurance that Food will cause you no after Distress or Pain, you should take Guy's Tonic for a few days.

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THE WAR OF WORDS.

ELECTIONEERING CAMPAIGN IN FULL SWING.

The great war of the rival political parties is now in full swing. Below will be found some pithy extracts from the speeches of the week, and some excellent reproductions of political cartoons.

"C.-B." at Dunfermline.

On the result of the General Election upon which we are about to enter depends not merely the composition of a Government, not merely the programme for one or two sessions of Parliament, but the policy which will determine for years, and it may be for generations, the conditions on which our commerce is to be carried on, and the prosperity of our people maintained.

It is not an issue of our raising. We did not raise it. We thought the policy of Free Trade was a settled policy in this country.

of a man who often speaks as if he had, if not created, at all events discovered the British Empire.

You had better think twice, and thrice, before you replace a bond which does not fret or gall by one which, though to the eye it may appear to present greater evidence of unity, must inevitably embitter that freedom upon which our successful colonial policy rests. Above all, beware of a tie which may prove so irksome and burdensome to the people of our Motherland as to lead them to complain, as Disraeli complained in the old days before the reform of the armies, necessary as they are, are nothing without the ideas by which they are informed, and it is, I believe, because you see in this question of Fiscal Reform something more than quarrelling over economic shades of opinion, because you see behind it something which touches the imagination of every citizen of the Empire, that you have, in the past, and I doubt not will in the future, throw yourselves on the side of the only party which has consistently, and without treachery or alloy, pursued those great ideals through its career.

Remember that the other side have never attempted to answer the broad line of argument which has been advanced in favour of Fiscal Reform.

They have grasped at party catchwords, they have used unscrupulously every form of misrepresentation; but never yet have they been able to show that the scheme which has been propounded for the acceptance of the country is not of a kind which will improve the chances of our export manufacture, and, with the

FROM LIBERAL POSTERS.

There is, at all events, one leader of the Unionist party, a leader who controls a considerable following, whose policy is proclaimed in no uncertain voice, and who always means winning when he fights.

It is from Mr. Chamberlain that the party of Tariff Reform receives its marching orders, and our duty, as Free Traders, is to concentrate our forces against this great antagonist. With him, at least, there is no ambiguity or want of intelligibility. Mr. Chamberlain seems to have misunderstood the nature of the British Empire. A bold thing to say

colonial system, that the colonies were tied like millstones about our neck.

That is the disaster to which the adoption of Mr. Chamberlain's policy, which is to be put before you at this coming election, must lead.

Mr. Balfour at the Queen's Hall.

Which will you have? Will you have Home Rule on the one side or Fiscal Reform on the other? Put in its simplest terms, that is the issue now before the country.

Powerful fleets and powerful

chances of our export manufacture, the cheapening of imports, and the general welfare of the community.

Still less have they dared to throw scorn on that general desire on the part of our colonies to feel themselves not merely parts of one Empire—in that they own allegiance to one sovereign—but to feel themselves part of the Empire in the daily conduct of their own business, to feel themselves part of the Empire in every relation of life—portions of an organic whole, one with the great destinies which recent events have created for them.

FROM A CONSERVATIVE POSTER.

Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham.

The Prime Minister has said that Tariff Reform will be the main issue at the General Election. My only fear is, and it remains a great fear, that it will be complicated by numberless issues which are altogether irrelevant to it.

This issue is the greatest, is the most urgent, with which you will all have to deal at the next election. It touches the two greatest interests of this kingdom. It touches the union of the Empire, and it touches the maintenance of our manufacturing position.

My opponents tell you that this is a fight between Free Trade and Protection.

I think they are Free Importers, but I am quite sure they are Protectionists—with this difference, that while they accuse me of a desire to protect our own people, they are devoting themselves to protect the foreigner in our markets.

It is not Protection on my part. What I endeavour to restore is equality of conditions.

What I try to secure for British manufacturers and for British working men is as large a market as their foreign competitors now enjoy. I want fair competition.

Mr. Burns at Battersea.

I am the first of the ancient lowly to enter a Cabinet of the ancient exclusives, and I will pander to no section, but will do my duty to the people, whose national and imperial officer I am.

From me private enterprise will receive fair and just treatment, and I will do my best to relieve municipal enterprise from the conscious bias that has operated against it so long.

Already I have drawn a reference, and am now appointing a committee, so that the ratepayers and taxpayers will have their accounts presented prepared and disclosed in such a way that he who runs may read.

The labourer who works will have so much of my sympathy that I shall have none left for the loafer who shirks. The poor and oppressed will have my ear, but the plausible cadger never.

The pushful philanthropist, the economic amateur, the industrial quack, the purveyor of social nostrums and charitable schemes will have a stern critic in me.

I will not trouble my mind nor my post with the over-consideration of and disproportionate attention to pauperising palliatives, which are illusory, delusive, extravagant, and costly.

Rather will I, by determination, slow, solid administration and political work, keep my eye on those permanent organic changes in Society that are better than the pauperising sedatives of outdoor relief.

In a word, while helping the poor, we must be careful not to endow poverty.

There is a cry being raised of "back to the land." Would it not be easier to prevent men coming from the land?

Nothing is more to the credit of the Prime Minister than his Albert Hall declaration that we must colonise our own country. What we want is another invasion of Britain by the Britons.

So long as we have a landless peasantry we shall have homeless men in the towns; but our business, and your interest, as it is my duty, will be to give greater access to the land to prevent the townward trend.

By making the land more accessible than it is now we can prevent the rush of strong, healthy, but badly paid men from the country to the towns. That can be done by wise experiment and bold legislation on the lines suggested by the Prime Minister.

My ideals will be fewer workhouses, more homes, smaller charities, larger wages, more pleasure, less drink, smaller cities, larger villages, and, as a result, stronger men and women and healthier children.

Mr. Balfour at Haddington.

The present Government are pledged to what they are mistakenly pleased to assert is the pure and undefiled doctrine of Free Trade.

By that they mean not Free Trade but a blind and, as I think, a stupid adherence to certain fixed practices and maxims which had their meaning and their reason forty years ago under then existing conditions of international trade, but which have their meaning, in my judgment at all events, no longer.

I noticed with amazement that Sir

FROM A CONSERVATIVE POSTER.

Henry Campbell-Bannerman, at the Albert Hall, announced to his audience that he meant to cut down the cost, and, as I understood him, with the cost the number and magnitude of the defensive forces of the Crown—Army or Navy, as the case may be.

I wonder whether he consulted the present Secretary of State for War before giving that pledge. I doubt whether he did.

It is perfectly impossible that the present Prime Minister, oppressed as he must have been by the by no means agreeable task of reconciling the various interests out of which he has formed his Government, it is quite impossible that he should have had the time—it is quite impossible that any man, had he been given perfect leisure, should have had the time—between his advent to office and the present moment to determine what are the defensive forces of the Crown which, in view of our responsibilities of Empire, it is the duty of the Government and of the taxpayer to support.

His pledge to reduce the cost of our armaments and the magnitude of our armaments is a pledge not given with knowledge, not given after study, not given in consequence of our Imperial responsibilities.

It is a pledge which is a mere echo of the platitudes uttered from every Radical platform during the last five years, and it carries with it no authority in the sense of advice based on study.

It carries with it only the arbitrary authority of the head of a Government who is forcing on his colleague in general, and on the Secretary of State for War in particular, a policy the merits of which he cannot himself have any knowledge, and which must be adopted for party purposes and for party purposes alone.

Men Who Want to be M.P.'s.

The forces that are going to fight for the 670 seats in Parliament are now practically complete.

The list of nearly 1,400 candidates is full of variety, says the *Daily Express*.

Men standing "six feet odd in their stockings," such as Mr. A. W. Wills, who won North Dorset a year ago, and is a candidate for the constituency again; men so short as to look like boys, such as one of the most notable of recent Irish whips; men brought up solely to be politicians, and others who, like Mr. J. R. Clynes (North-east Manchester), had to work hard in a Lancashire cotton mill; and men representing many other extremes and opposites, are among the candidates who are now seeking the favour of the electors.

The experts are many and varied. Sir W. J. Collins, L.C.C. (candidate for West St. Pancras), is a specialist on the eye; Mr. Lewis H. Edmunds, K.C. (candidate for Totnes, Devon), is an expert in patent law; Mr. Henry Ward, L.C.C., brings to the discussion of housing and sanitary problems the experience of a qualified civil engineer.

Variety of Specialists.

Mr. Sidney J. Pocock is an expert on the railway rates for the conveyance of milk to large towns; Mr. George Whiteley, the new Liberal chief Whip, is an expert on cotton duties and Lancashire mill problems; Mr. Reuben John Bryce, cousin of the Right Hon. James Bryce, has "made a special study of economics"; Colonel Ivor Philipps (candidate for Southampton) is an authority on Indian frontier tribal wars; Sir Henry Cotton (East Nottingham) is a specialist upon the Indian civil service; Mr. Adolph Max Lazarus Langdon, K.C., is an expert in commercial law; and Mr. Horatio Bottomley (the Hackney Liberal candidate) is said to know more about horse-racing, finance, and company promotion than most men.

One Socialist candidate, Mr. George Haley, who is standing for the Brentford Division of Middlesex, was born in a workhouse, and is not ashamed of it. He has lived to work on land and sea, to organise costermongers, and secure a seat on the Brentford District Council after seven defeats. Mr. Will Crooks, of Poplar, spent much of his childhood in a workhouse, and he, too, is proud of it.

Many of the candidates have already been in Parliament, and several have been in prison—the latter for over zeal in propaganda.

Scores of the "new men" among the candidates are sons, or nephews, or brothers, or sons-in-law of former M.P.'s, while Captain Hobart is descended from that notable Parliamentarian, Oliver Cromwell.

Election Wear and Tear.

In olden days the election agent made a good deal more money out of the election expenses than he does now. In one case an agent entered among the various items, "Mental anxiety, £500."

Downing Street Changes.

The hand of change is about to fall upon 10 Downing Street, which has remained in practically the same condition since the days of Walpole. The Premier wishes for a lift—chiefly for the use of Lady Campbell-Bannerman, who, as every one knows, is, unfortunately, an invalid. No. 12, the Chancellor of the Exchequer's residence, will not be used by Mr. Asquith, as the accommodation is not sufficient. Mr. Herbert Gladstone will take it over—an interesting fact, as he was born there, his father being Chancellor of the Exchequer at the time.

Robbery Under Arms.

Some exciting stories of robbery under arms, which remind one of the deeds of highwaymen in the olden days, have been reported in the papers this week.

Bushrangers have been busy in Australia. The mail coach running between Port Macquarie and Wauchope, in New South Wales, was held up at four o'clock in the morning by two men. One was armed with a Winchester rifle, and the other with a revolver.

The driver and the solitary passenger were made to hold up their hands, and the robbers emptied their pockets. They then took the mail bags with them into the scrub.

This is only the latest of a number of recent bushranging exploits in the country districts of New South Wales; and the probable explanation of the epidemic is that there are a great many workless men about, unable to get a living except by desperate means.

A more modern band of highwaymen has been operating in America, in the neighbourhood of Chicago.

An exciting scene occurred in Ashland Avenue one morning last week, when six men stopped a crowded electric tramway-car and robbed the passengers at the point of the pistol, seizing what money and jewellery they could secure.

The bandits fired through the windows, and beat those who resisted. The women shrieked with terror, and fainted.

The driver of the car fought desperately with the robbers on the front platform, and managed to turn off the lights, leaving the car in darkness.

One of the passengers escaped and gave the alarm, and a squad of police arrived in a patrol waggon. They overpowered and captured the entire gang of thieves.

Here is yet another instance, where the resource of a lonely pedestrian foiled the would-be highwaymen. Mr. John Hodge, an amateur ventriloquist, of Centreville, N.J., was walking home through the wood when two highwaymen stopped him, says the *Herald's* New York correspondent. His voice, coming apparently from the wood, shouted: "Wait a moment, and I will help you!" The highwaymen fled in a hurry.

How to Wake the People.

An old peasant in a German village had to leave his little children alone in the house for the day. "If a thief comes," he said to them, "do not cry 'Thief!' For everybody will be afraid, will say to himself: 'After all, it's not my property that's being taken.' No, my children; shout 'Fire!' The whole village will run to help you, for everybody will be afraid the fire will spread."

How arouse the moral sense of the community, the country, to action? If those who have been despoiled shriek out the fact, they are sure of heartfelt sympathy, and the general opinion, loudly expressed, will be that "something really ought to be done." But to get action, the whole public, all of it that has property to lose, must be shown that it has been robbed, that it is being robbed, that, unless the country stops it, the robbery will go on. And, best of all, men must feel not merely that they have lost what they might, and again might not, have gained, but also that they have lost something they counted on in advance and had already spent or hoarded in imagination. Then, indeed, does a flame of anger flare that wanes not.

Lottery Windfalls for Workmen.

The winning ticket for the first prize (£240,000) in the Spanish State Christmas lottery is No. 32,884. This was divided into ten shares, seven of which were purchased by a Barcelona firm for their workmen, who now have £168,000 to share among them. The second prize is £120,000, and has not yet been claimed. The third prize, £80,000, goes to a cherry seller and some friends who clubbed together and bought ticket No. 15,554.

FROM A CONSERVATIVE POSTER

"THE HOME RULE TIGER AND THE LADY OF RIGA."

There was a young lady of Riga,
Who smilingly rode on a tiger.

FROM A CONSERVATIVE POSTER.

The tiger returned from the ride
With the lady inside,
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Seven New Peers.

The first list of honours conferred on the advice of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was announced last Friday.

It consists of seven new peers and eight new Privy Councillors, among whom is Mr. Burt, M.P., a pioneer of the Labour movement in politics.

PEERS.

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, M.P.
Sir Arthur D. Hayter, Bart., M.P.
Hon. Philip J. Stanhope, M.P.
Right Hon. C. H. Hemphill, K.C., M.P.
Sir James Joicey, Bart., M.P.
Sir W. H. Wills, Bart.
Mr. Charles H. Wilson, M.P.

PRIVY COUNCILLORS.

Lord Reay.
Mr. J. E. Ellis, M.P.
Mr. R. K. Causton, M.P.
Mr. Thomas Shaw, K.C., M.P.
Mr. Edmund Robertson, K.C., M.P.
Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P.
Sir Walter Foster, M.P.
Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P.

Driven Mad by Joy.

The story of a pathetic tragedy has been received by the secretary of the Moravian Mission in London.

A young missionary, who had been stationed with great success at a small village called Nain, on the coast of Labrador, for some years, was granted permission to marry, and his fiancée was sent out to the desolate station in the missionary ship Harmony.

The lady wrote to him that she was leaving her home in Germany to meet him, and afterwards sailed from London.

When she arrived in Labrador she found that her letter had so overjoyed her lover that he had become insane. She was not allowed to see him, and he was sent back to Hamburg, where he has been placed in an asylum.

The distracted girl has returned home.

£500,000 Given Away.

Mr. Robert Davies, of Bodlondeb, near Bangor, who died last Friday at an advanced age, was one of the best known philanthropists in North Wales.

His gifts to religious bodies alone totalled considerably over £500,000. Recently he contributed £160,000 to the missionary work of the Calvinistic Methodists, while about twelve years ago he liquidated the whole of the existing debts on the English Presbyterian churches of North Wales. Many chapels throughout the district owe their existence to him.

He was a staunch friend to the poor. Every Monday morning he distributed small sacks of flour at his house to anyone in need of them, a custom which spread his fame far and wide among the tramping fraternity. The weekly procession to his house was one of the most remarkable sights in the district.

During Christmas time two men were stationed at the entrance to Bodlondeb with piles of coppers which they had orders to distribute to everybody who cared to ask for them.

He was High Sheriff of Anglesey when the last execution took place in the county, and he fainted at the gruesome sight.

Latterly he lived the life of a recluse, never venturing outside his own grounds.

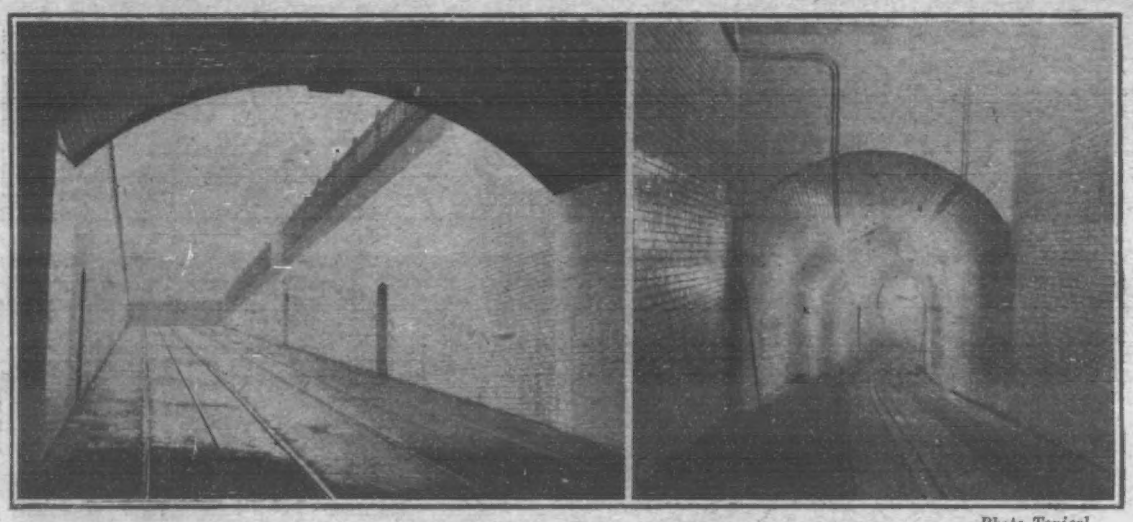
A Touching Ceremony.

Some very touching scenes were witnessed when the Prince and Princess of Wales met the frontier tribesmen at Ali Masjid, on the Indian frontier.

The Headmen were very pleased, says the *Pioneer Mail*, with the kindness shown them by the Prince in return for their greeting, "Sir o mal," which means by interpretation that their heads and their property are at his disposal.

Blind old Hafiz Samandar of the Kamrai clan was deeply touched. "Though I am blind," he said, "I can touch my King's hand," and he bowed over it. Yet another said, "We are poor people and we live in a poor country, but the land will blossom like the rose now that it has been trodden by footsteps of the King."

Each malik brought two sheep and twigs of honey as their offering. The Prince and Princess accepted the honey.



Photo, Topical.

The New L.C.C. Underground Tramway between Aldwych and Islington. The Southampton Row end, where the cars leave the roadway and the great dip in Kingsway under Holborn.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE ROYAL TOUR: The Princess accepting a bouquet from the Maharajah's son at Jumma.

£17,000 for Widows.

By the provisions of the will of the late Mr. Thomas Barclay, a Glasgow solicitor, necessitous widows in Perth benefit to the amount of £17,000.

The first public intimation that such a will existed was given in the Scottish newspapers, but no announcement was made by the proper authorities of the nature of the bequest until an aged lady made inquiries of Lord Provost Cuthbert regarding the matter.

The Lord Provost thereupon communicated with the town clerk of Glasgow, and yesterday the Perth Town Council were officially informed that such a will was in existence.

The money will now be handed to the council, who will administer it in conformity with the terms of the bequest.

Baroness as Flower Girl.

As a clever and beautiful girl of nineteen Baroness Irma von Holz, whose death has just taken place, turned the heads of the Barons and Counts frequenting the salons of the best Berlin Society.

Driven from her home by her proud parents because of her determination to marry a man of whom they disapproved, and who later deserted her to marry another, she took to selling flowers in the street, in Krems, where her parents resided. They had refused to give her any assistance.

Finally the Baroness brought an action against her parents to force them to acknowledge her as their daughter. She won her case, but did not gain much more than a little monetary assistance.

She died of consumption, the result of exposure to all weathers in following her calling of flower seller.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

A BARGE DESTROYED BY FIRE ON LAND: The building yard of the London and Rochester Barge Co. destroyed by fire. Photo shows all that was left of a new barge.

Dogs as Strategists.

A collie dog belonging to Professor Durand, of Cornell University, has displayed marked strategic talent in several deadly combats with a sworn enemy in the shape of a powerful bull-terrier.

Not long ago, says the *Field*, the two dogs engaged in a fight, and the collie, being on the point of defeat, ran to the edge of a gorge one hundred feet deep. The terrier rushed after him, whereupon the collie circled about him, and then, with a sudden rush, pushed him over the edge of the gorge, and he was dashed to pieces below.

With one downward glance the collie trotted proudly away, head and tail aloft.

Queer Inn Sign.

One of the queerest signs to be found anywhere is that of the Nutley Inn, Sussex, a large house on the Lewes and Eastbourne road.

It consists of an antiquated bicycle of the type affectionately referred to by old-time wheelmen as the "Good old ordinary," and has swung in the breeze for the last fifteen years.

"Maybe in the course of time, says the *Car*, the Red Lion and Pig and Whistle will give way to the 2-h.p. motor-cycle or the original Bollée, and specimens of those once popular triumphs of the motor world mounted on posts or slung up by chains will invite the weary traveller to stop and refresh.

Penny-a-Mile Cyclists.

The officers responsible for the collection of the botanical specimens required for use in the schools of the London County Council are cyclists almost to a man. Originally they were allowed to charge third-class railway fare for expenses. Then it was suggested that they should be provided with cycles.

A further arrangement has now been arrived at. The cycles are not to be purchased, but when the officers use their own machines they are to be allowed to charge 1d. per mile for wear and tear.

A handsome profit, says the *City Press*, will result to the cyclists from this very fair decision.

Constables as Doctors.

After quarrelling with his wife at Bradford, Patrick Murtanagh broke several windows of his house with his fist and cut himself severely. Constable Ratigan, hearing the noise, entered the house and found Murtanagh bleeding profusely from a severe wound on the wrist. He immediately put his thumb on the ulnar vein, while Constable Lever, who had arrived on the scene, applied a pad and tourniquet. The doctor afterwards said that but for the prompt action of the constables the man would have bled to death.

Magic Lottery Number.

There has been a whole series of lotteries lately in Paris, and they have had one curious result. The figures of each winning number totalled 21.

Thus the "gros lot" of the Ponponnière went to the number 1,027,137. A winning share in a municipal lottery a week ago was 230,385. In the Press lottery £40,000 was won by the number 9,606, and £4,000 by the number 13,188. The number which won £1,000 on December 5 was 435,504.

Mistook His Men.

Two midshipmen and a sailor of H.M.S. *Formidable* gave a salutary lesson to a Neapolitan boatman the other evening. They had hired him at a fare of one franc each to take them to their ship from Santa Lucia. Thinking, from their youthful appearance, that he could intimidate them, the boatman rowed out to sea and refused to take them to the ship unless they gave him five francs.

Their remonstrances being of no avail, they knocked the man down, held him fast in the bottom of the boat, and rowed themselves to the *Formidable*.

(SOME OF THE CHILDRENS COSTUMES)

DANDIGNY (MR FRAGSON) MASQUERADING AS THE PRINCE.

A GLASS BLOWER

A SMITH.

ONE OF CINDERELLA'S GROOMS

A DOLL.

FROM THE WONDERLAND SCENE.

THE BARONESS (MR W PASSMORE)

DANDIGNY (MR FRAGSON)

THE BULL-FIGHT.

HATS

A GLOW-WORM.

A VILLAGE GIRL.

THE PRINCE & CINDERELLA.

MISS QUEENIE LEIGHTON

MISS MAY DE SOUZA

DUDLEY CLEAVER 05

"CINDERELLA" AT DRURY LANE.

Sketches by a "P.I.P." special artist at the performance on Boxing night.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

With their victory of 38 points to 8 over All France in Paris last Monday, the New Zealanders brought their wonderful record for their tour up to 107 goals and 115 tries (868 points) to 7 goals and 6 tries (47 points). That the French team should be able to twice cross the line of the "All Blacks" was somewhat surprising, though it must be remembered that the New Zealanders had their opponents well in hand. Moreover, they gave unmistakable signs of being stale when playing their final games in Wales, and their victory over Swansea last Saturday was somewhat luckily obtained. It was by the smallest possible margin, a dropped goal to a try (4 points to 3) being the dividing line.

Taken all through, it must be said that the New Zealanders did wonders. Their Welsh opponents had the advantage of meeting them right at the end of their long programme in the United Kingdom, and, to the credit of the Welshmen be it said, the latter seemed to more quickly understand the methods of the New Zealanders than did either the English, Scottish, or Irish players. It is something for the Colonials to congratulate themselves on that they should only lose one match in their heavy list, and they have done more for Rugby football in England—to say nothing of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland—than anybody dreamed could have been accomplished. They are good sportsmen, and their many heavy victories are not begrudged.

The New Year brought as many surprises in League football as did the Christmas holidays. Last Saturday Birmingham went down by 3 clear goals at Preston, while the same margin separated Liverpool and Woolwich Arsenal. As Liverpool had done badly in the early part of the week, this was a "facer" for the Arsenal, who succumbed again on Monday, though their defeat to the extent of 6 goals to 1 by Bolton Wanderers was not merited on the run of the game.

Another surprise on Saturday was the downfall of Aston Villa on their own ground. They were minus some of their best men, but even then they were not expected to lose to Blackburn Rovers. But they lost by a goal, unluckily perhaps. There is always a battle royal when Newcastle United and Sunderland meet, and about 50,000 people were at the former club's ground to witness what proved to be a drawn game. It was a desperate struggle, and 1 goal each was a fitting ending to it. The Wolverhampton Wanderers managed to add another to their meagre list of successes, Notts Forest being beaten by 2 goals to 1. The Wolves are at the foot of the list, but they may yet emulate the plucky example of Bury and rise again.

Bury, who had had the honour of beating Everton twice in the week, could not contrive to hold Derby County, who, with Bloomer back in their team, won by 2 goals to 0. Truly Bloomer is a wonder! Sheffield United got the upper hand of Bolton Wanderers, the "Blades" winning by 5 goals to 2, but their neighbours—the Wednesday—suffered defeat in a poor game at the hands of Manchester City, the latter scoring twice to the Wednesday's once. Everton dropped yet another point at Middlesbrough—no goals being registered, while honours were easy at Nottingham, where the County and Stoke each got through once.

Like the Arsenal, Middlesbrough were beaten on Monday, and the pair are now only a shade better off than the "Wolves." Liverpool strengthened their position at the head of the table by a victory of 3-1 over Stoke. Bury improved on their Saturday's result by beating Birmingham by a solitary goal, a margin by which Sheffield United defeated Notts County, Manchester City Everton, and Blackburn Rovers Newcastle United. Some admirers of the Rovers are already predicting Cup honours for the old Cup fighters.

Bristol City still hold a strong lead in the Second Division, but there is not much to choose between Manchester United, Chelsea, and West Bromwich Albion. Chelsea have a rattling good team, and it would cause little surprise if they were to displace Manchester United. And if, at the end of the season, they qualify for the First Division what a feather in the cap of the management—as well as the players—it will be!

Another West London club that is doing splendidly is Fulham. True, they were beaten last Saturday by Portsmouth, but only by 1 goal, and they still head the Southern League table. Tottenham Hotspur, however, are, relatively, in as good a position, for they have a match in hand of Fulham, and are two points behind the leaders. The 'Spurs were hardly at their best against Reading, but they won by 1 goal to nil. Brentford's performance against Southampton was much finer, and the celebrated "Saints" went under by 2 goals to 1. Brentford can look back on their holiday form with pride.

Millwall had to fight hard to overcome Brighton and Hove Albion, but they succeeded to the extent of 2 goals to 1, by which score, too, Norwich City defeated Plymouth Argyle. West Ham won at Swindon by 3 goals to 2; Queen's Park Rangers were victorious at New Brompton by 2 goals to nil; while the Bristol Rovers gave signs of coming back to their best form by gaining the biggest victory of the day in the competition, Northampton being beaten by 4 goals to nil on their own ground.

Photo, Bowden.

FETTESIAN-LORETTONIANS v. RICHMOND: Jumping for the ball.

Photo, Cribb.

PORTSMOUTH BEAT FULHAM BY ONE GOAL TO NIL: Cook, Pompey's goalkeeper, punching out shots from Fulham forwards.

Photo, Bowden.

FETTESIAN-LORETTONIANS BEAT RICHMOND BY 25 POINTS TO SIX: Fettes collared.

ATHLETICS and CYCLING.

There was little in the way of active racing in the athletic world last Saturday, though most of the leading harrier clubs were taking healthy exercise. The South London pack had a couple of teams out, a fast and a slow pack, and one was pleased to see such a runner as the veteran W. H. Coad taking part in a sport of which he was such a great ornament a decade ago, and he can still go fast enough to make an interesting show with the slow pack. Coad in his day was Southern Counties champion, and he also won the ten miles on the flat.

The Blackheath Harriers confined themselves to a novices' mile run in, in addition to their ordinary canter. The "Heathens" are constantly doing their best to further the good old cause of paper-chasing, one of the most healthy and exhilarating of winter pastimes, and on the occasion under notice they unearthed three promising youngsters in F. Raymond, J. Jamieson, and J. C. Johnson, who finished in the order named for the club pewter. It isn't much to look at, but it is a trophy to be treasured by old runners who have followed the sport for sport's sake in the days of their youth.

A young club, which is being run on the most approved amateur lines, is the Tooting Athletic Club. It has some famous athletes as sponsors. G. H. Pelling and G. Knott, the one famous as a sprinter and the other renowned as a long-distance walker and for some time holder of the walking record from London to Brighton. Last Saturday the club decided a five-miles handicap, partly on the road and for the rest over meadow-land. W. A. Cooke, who started from the scratch mark, won the first prize.

The Cambridge Harriers turned out for a spin of about eight miles, and the Queen's Park Harriers were on a similar errand, while the St. Bride's Institute were disporting themselves in like fashion in the Lea Valley district. Fifteen members of the Queen's Park turned out for an ordinary run, and the Finchley Club had a seven-miles spin at Neasden.

The Ranelagh had three packs out at Putney, and they had an enjoyable run over seven miles of good country in the vicinity of their headquarters. Others who were usefully engaged were the Slough Harriers, the Priory Harriers, and in the Highgate district a number of clubs were keeping

the body fit. The old year has departed, and from now the clubs will be studying the problem of how to win the championship, but of that more anon. For the present it is sufficient to express the hope that the best club may win in all the events.

How Tigers Kill their Prey.

An assistant controller of forests (writing from Perak, in the Field) says: I have taken considerable trouble to find out how tigers kill large game. Some time ago I was asked to come and see a full-grown bullock that had been killed by a tiger. On examining it I found the animal had its neck broken, and there were claw marks on the nose and shoulder, but nowhere else. There was no doubt that the tiger had jumped at the bull and landed on the shoulder, and when the bull turned his head to gore the tiger he must have put his claw out, and, with a sudden jerk, broken the neck.

On another occasion I went to see a young buffalo which had been killed by a tiger, and found the same thing had happened. There were similar marks on the nose and also on the near shoulder, which clearly indicated that this animal had been killed in the same way. Malays who have actually seen a tiger killing a buffalo told me they saw the same thing happen, also that in dragging off a heavy carcase, such as buffalo or bull, that he gets most of the weight across his shoulder.

This must be fairly correct, as I have often followed a kill, and the marks left indicated that only a portion of the animal was trailing along the ground. I have known a full-grown bull which ten men could not move dragged for two miles by a tiger in heavy jungle, where roots of trees and swamp had to be gone through. In no case have I seen the pug marks facing the wrong way except when stopping to feed, which proves he must carry a portion of the animal over his shoulder. The old idea of a tiger killing large game by a blow from his paw is nonsense; besides, in this country a tiger never faces his prey, but attacks him on the flank, unless charged. Another curious fact, that may seem very like a fairy tale, is that a tiger does not seem to mind a small lamp being tied over a kill about ten feet high, but will come and feed. I have known three occasions when this has been tried, and each time a tiger has come to feed upon the carcase.

Oldest Acrobat in England.

Henry Johnson, of Grantham, who boasts that he is the oldest acrobat in England, entered on his hundredth year on Christmas Day. In spite of his years he is as lithe and active as many a man sixty years his junior.

Johnson has lived in the reigns of five British sovereigns, and prides himself on the fact that he has performed before three of them—King William IV., Queen Victoria, and King Edward VII., when he was Prince of Wales. He is now quietly enjoying the evening of his life at Grantham, and he hopes to live for many years to come.

Johnson was born on Christmas Day, 1806, at Norwich, but his recollection of his childhood is very hazy. He remembers that he was left an orphan at a very early age, and had a hard struggle to maintain himself. His elder brother wanted him to become a hostler, but his ambition had been fired by seeing a troupe of travelling acrobats, and he rejected the suggestion with scorn. He attained his ambition when still in his teens by becoming a tight-rope walker and an equestrian acrobat with a small travelling troupe.

His first important engagement was obtained before he was twenty years old, with Hughes' circus, and he accompanied it to China, but things did not go well with the circus there, and a proposal to reduce his salary led to his return to England. He paid his way by entertaining the captain and passengers, and on the ship he made the acquaintance of the Chinese juggler Mullaba, with whom he afterwards formed a partnership which lasted for many years.

Johnson's first experience with royalty was when he and Mullaba performed before King William IV. at Aylesbury, and the King was so pleased with them that he commanded them to appear before him at Buckingham Palace.

They travelled to London by coach, and the King rewarded them with fifty guineas each, and gave them a royal license to perform in any town, city, or village in the United Kingdom. Later he performed before Queen Victoria at Windsor, and before King Edward VII. (then Prince of Wales) at Sandringham.

Johnson, in spite of his great age, is still in possession of all his faculties. He can walk about with the activity of a much younger man, and some time ago he made a bet that he would dance a hornpipe on a table. A few weeks ago he challenged a local horse-dealer to a walking match, but although the horse-dealer is twenty years his junior, he declined the match.

Johnson confesses that he likes a pipe of tobacco occasionally and a drop of whisky, "but only to keep out the cold," he says. "I have never made a fool of myself with it yet, and never will."

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR BEAT READING: Smart play on both sides.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR BEAT READING BY 1 TO NIL: The foul which gave Tottenham the only goal scored.

For "Duffers" at Bridge.

Everybody plays bridge nowadays—and few play well. They have neither the time, the memory, nor the inclination to study a book on the subject, but they will persist in playing, to the infinite sorrow of their long-suffering partners. From the point of view of the latter these hints may seem too obvious, but experience of bridge with people intelligent enough in the ordinary affairs of life shows that they constantly violate the simplest rules of common-sense at the card-table, says the *Daily Express*.

The declaration always bothers the "duffer." He will find his path smoother by remembering these two simple rules:

(1) Always assume that your partner has an average hand.

(2) Remember that no hand is too good for spades.

When your partner leaves it to you and you are playing against the dealer, bear in mind:

(1) That playing against a trump call differs from playing against no trumps. In the former case the main thing is to play through the strength and up to the weakness exposed in dummy.

(2) In a trump declaration there is no obligation to return your partner's lead. Against no trumps always return your partner's lead unless you have a very strong suit that you are certain to bring in.

(3) Always try to save the game before attempting anything else.

(4) Do not finesse against your partner.

Finally, it may interest the beginner to hear that a lunatic asylum has been built in New York for people who double spades without five trumps or a very strong all-round hand, and that many a man is sweeping a crossing or selling matches who used to declare hearts or diamonds on five trumps with one honour and no other trick in his hand.

Winter Delights at Olympia.

Seekers of pleasure at the Olympia, where the Winter Club last week opened its course of winter pastime, will have a large and diversified programme of entertainment from which to choose what attracts them most.

On the "Magic carpet" of rafia grass and cocoanut matting there will be football matches; the famous Basque game of Pelota will be played; and whippet racing, fencing, rifle-shooting, tennis, wrestling, billiards, Schreyer's great diving trick from his bicycle, and a score of other sports will be provided.

Lionel Strongfort, the great "weight-lifter," will lie on his back and support on his chest a 7cwt. frame bearing a 36cwt. motor-car, in which are seven people; and, again, will hold aloft with one hand a 312lb. dumb-bell.

Mr. Strongfort told an *Evening News* representative that the greatest weight he has lifted is between 5,000lb. and 6,000lb.

He discovered his strength quite "by accident," at the age of fifteen, when, visiting Professor Attila in New York, he happened to pick up some heavy dumb-bells and wield them so well that Attila decided to train him.

Perfectly developed, and 5ft. 10in. in height, he has posed as a model for eminent sculptors in Rome and elsewhere.

Ordered by the German Government a marble statue of him (in the twelve labours of Hercules) is now in the Berlin Art Gallery.

Mr. Strongfort uses a special diet for each class of feat he performs, and for boxing and wrestling, where endurance is needed, he trains on vegetable food.

For weight-lifting, when a momentary stimulus is needed, he eats beef.

He never uses alcohol as a help, and he does not smoke.

Mr. Strongfort is a fluent speaker.

Photo, Bowden.

BRENTFORD BEAT SOUTHAMPTON BY 2 GOALS TO 1: Southampton force a corner.

Photo, Bowden.

BRENTFORD BEAT SOUTHAMPTON BY 2 GOALS TO 1: Brentford forcing the game.

THE BATTLE OF MOSCOW.

HORRORS OF THE FIERCEST REVOLUTION OF MODERN TIMES.

Never since the fiercest days of the French Revolution has Europe witnessed such scenes of carnage and desolation as are now being daily enacted in the dominions of the Tsar.

During the past week the streets of Moscow have run red with blood. Hundreds of men, women, and children have been ruthlessly slaughtered by the artillery.

Below will be found some graphic passages from the descriptions of eye-witnesses and correspondents in the terror-stricken city.

The buildings in the revolutionary quarter were of wood, and the conflagration resulting from the bombardment was the greatest since the French invasion in 1812.

A square mile of Moscow has been laid in ashes. Men, women, and children perished in the burning buildings or were shot down in the streets as they attempted to escape.

Mlle. Grigorieff, the beautiful assassin of General Sakharoff.

No quarter was shown by the troops. As a result, 10,000 people are said to be dead or homeless.

In the central part of the city soldiers stationed on the roofs of the principal buildings poured an incessant musketry fire into the people in the streets below.

Many refugees fled to the Church of the Nine Martyrs, where a last stand was made, but the church was shelled and the tower destroyed by shrapnel.

A band of a thousand armed men assailed the police barracks, but were repulsed with great loss.

The streets in which barricades have been erected present a desolate spectacle. Telegraph posts, trams, felled trees, and broken carts, bound together with wire, bar the way everywhere.

Twenty houses were bombarded by artillery, patrols having been fired upon from their windows, but sustained very slight damage.

The authorities are preventing the public from giving assistance to wounded insurgents. A well-known landlord who was desirous of making a hospital of his house, was informed by the Governor-General that the house would be destroyed by artillery if he carried out his intention.

All the members of the Social Revolutionary Committee of Moscow have been arrested. The authorities also seized the committee's correspondence and a quantity of bombs and explosives. Ten other revolutionaries have also been arrested.

Thousands of the inhabitants are fleeing into the surrounding country. Those who remain in Moscow are starving, and among children in particular the mortality is terrible owing to the utter impossibility of procuring milk.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION: The bridge at Riga, where great disorders have raged during the past week.

In one street the insurgents have made a barricade of captured tramcars. In other places they are using gates taken from the houses.

The desperate courage of the mob was marvellous. Here units, there tens, would sally forth, while thousands scampered off, leaving the streets devoid of living, but would soon after assemble again full of heroism, fire on the soldiers, fearless as before, against the enormous odds, eager to accomplish the impossible or die. Then the cannon would once more begin to boom, shaking the most solid houses.

Four pitched battles were fought on Saturday with the men holding the barricades, and these resulted in a loss of about 800 killed and wounded.

Muscular labourers, women, and servant girls are sawing down telegraph poles and trees, tearing down scaffolding, overturning tramways, and erecting colossal barricades. Many women stand armed behind the barricades by the side of the men, shooting at the advancing troops.

Owing to the heavy losses in officers and men which the troops have sustained, less than a single army corps remains to face 200,000 revolutionaries, 60,000 of whom are tolerably armed with rifles and revolvers sighted to kill at 500 yards.

A very serious fact is that owing to the determined stand which the revolutionaries are making, thousands of droshky drivers, carters, loafers, and peasants are joining them. Revolutionary armed reinforcements are also reaching Moscow by rail, by sledge, and marching along the roads.

The soldiers are worn out with the constant fighting, many of them being incapable of continuing the struggle, while many of the officers are suffering from nervous prostration.

Enormous crowds of workmen armed with revolvers and carbines have assembled on the outskirts of the city. The insurgents are in possession of the railway stations near Moscow, and only allow trains bringing troops from Manchuria to enter the town. These newly arriving troops are in a state of utter demoralisation and insubordination. The officers are insulted en route by the troops, and on arriving they are disarmed by the insurgents.

Hostilities have extended to the neighbouring districts, the peasants having responded to an appeal to arm themselves.

The son of a priest named Sokholoff attacked the police with stones, and when an attempt was made to arrest him the young man fired no less than fifty shots, and died at his house door.

The dead and wounded encumber the streets, and the Governor has ordered the troops on fire on the ambulances of the revolutionists which bear the Red Cross.

No one dares show himself at a window, and if the people meet troops in the streets they are obliged to raise their hands above their heads in order to prove that they are not carrying arms.

The artillery is turned recklessly on private houses. Women and children rush from the crumbling buildings into the streets, abandoning everything.

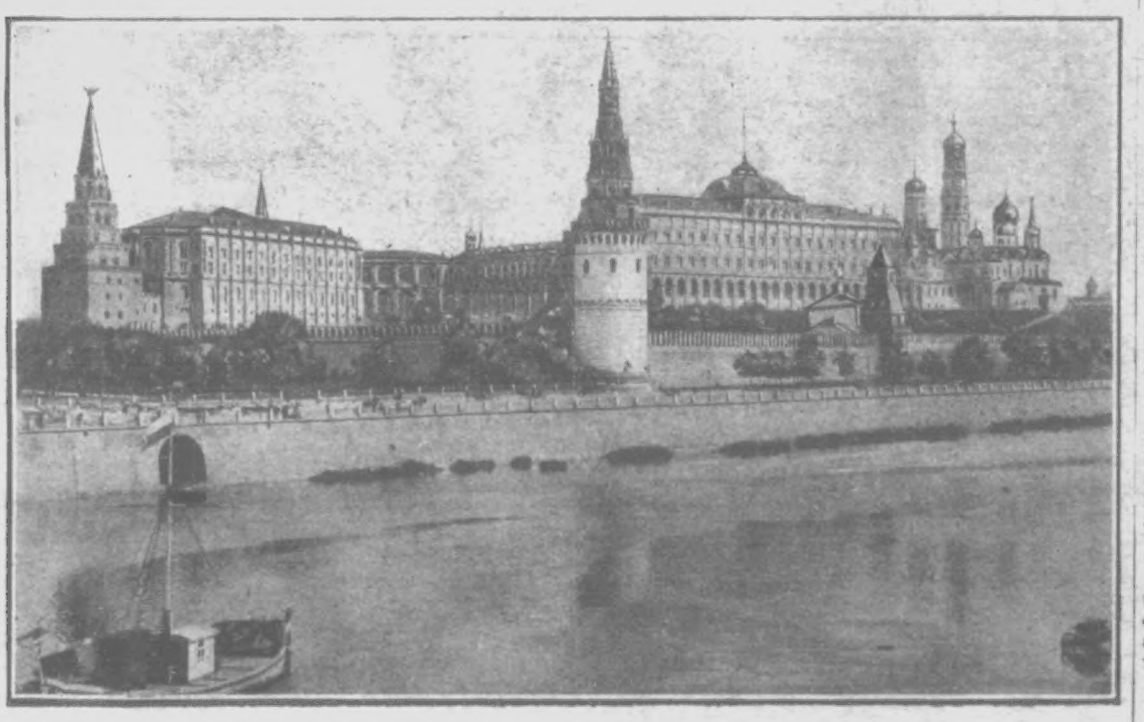
The *Express* special correspondent in Moscow announces that the insurgents have been completely routed, the final conflict with Government troops taking place on Sunday at noon. The revolutionary quarter was so hemmed in by military that the desperate inhabitants attempted to escape to the southern part of the city by crossing the river on the ice. Anticipating this move, a battalion of sappers were ordered to cut a thirty-foot channel through the ice, with the result that many insurgents were drowned and several others shot down by picked marksmen stationed on the opposite bank.

The Press affirms that many workmen have requested the police to arrest them, because they wish to cease the hopeless combat, but dare not do so spontaneously, fearing a death sentence.

Unburied bodies are still being found in private houses at Moscow, among them being many revolutionists attired as women.

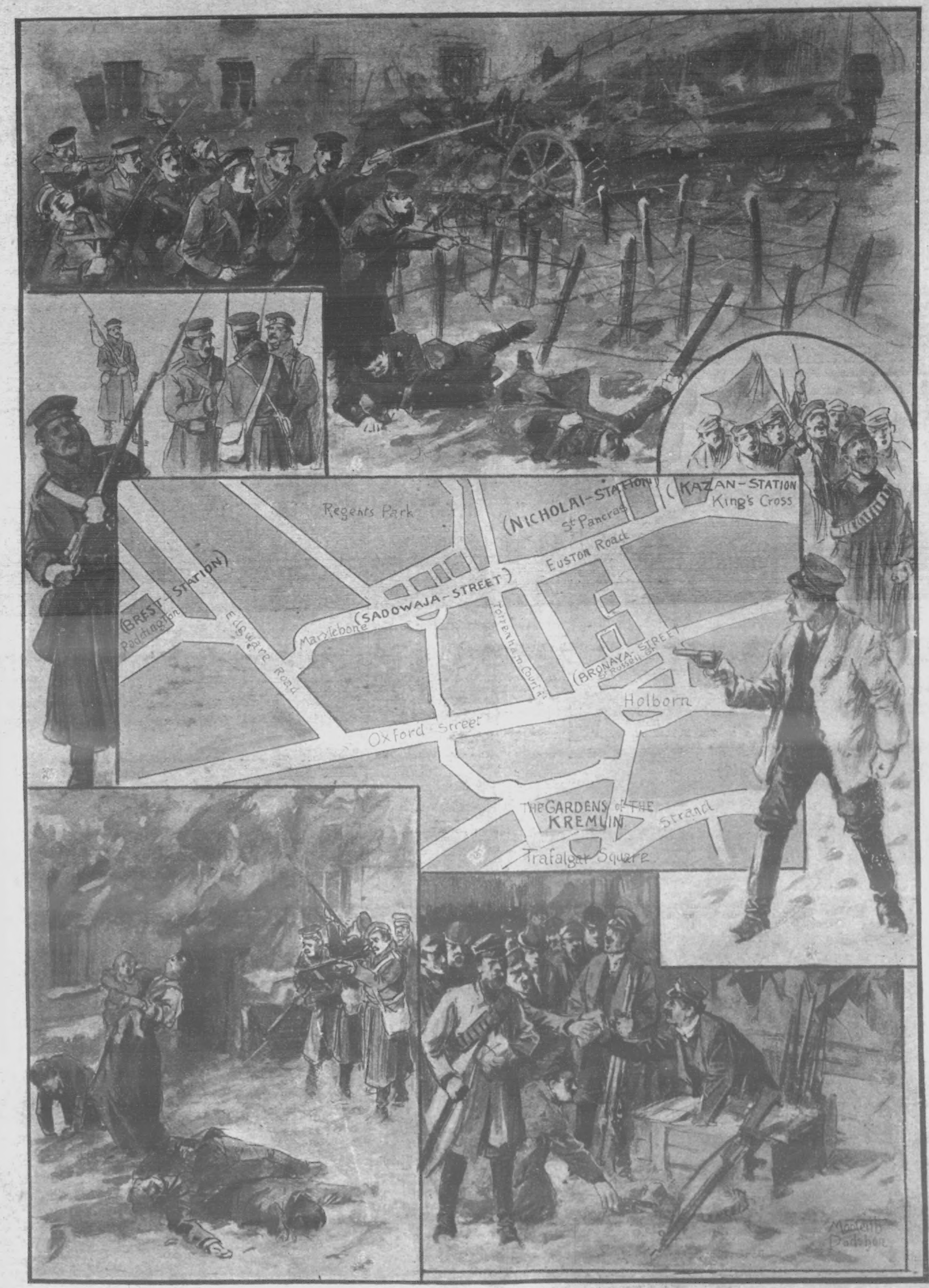
Photo, Park.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION: A general view of Moscow, the city of blood and fire.



THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION: The Kremlin, Moscow, showing the Kremlin Palace, where the first Russian Parliament was held, round which the rioting has been raging.

The Russian Revolution: Tversky Street, Moscow, showing the Tversky Gate, around which desperate street fighting took place on Saturday night.



THE BATTLE OF MOSCOW: The Moscow insurgents have been following a certain method in their resistance to the troops. They had three lines of barricades, the first of which, by a rough comparison with London, might be said to be along Holborn and Oxford Street, the second along Marylebone and Euston roads, and the third still further out. The second of these, along Sadowaja Street, was the rebels' "pièce de resistance." Bronaya Street, where the most elaborate defence works were carried out, would correspond to Great Russell Street. A good deal of fighting took place round the Brest Station (Paddington), and on the other side the insurgents having captured the Kazan Station (King's Cross), made desperate but unavailing efforts to get hold of the neighbouring Nicholai Station (St. Pancras) to prevent the arrival of reinforcements from St. Petersburg. Some insurgents advanced to the gardens of the Kremlin, which occupies much the same position as Trafalgar Square.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

Mr. Arthur Collins produced the pantomime of "Cinderella" at Drury Lane Theatre on Boxing Night. For beauty, ingenuity, and taste, "Cinderella" is the best Drury Lane pantomime one can remember, and Mr. Arthur Collins can be congratulated without reservation. The scenery is wonderful, the stage-management is masterly, the dresses, designed as usual by Signor Comelli, are both magnificent and tasteful, the cast has been carefully selected, and the music is full of the necessary "go," and orchestrated by Mr. Glover with skill and ingenuity. All mime score. The little chansonette, "Pour Elle," which he sings at the piano (a daring innovation in a pantomime), is delicious, and it may be safely said that "le Grand Fragson" scored an undoubted success, and admirably accented the "sweetness and light" of Mr. Collins' great show. It was a great feat to bring the characteristic art of the Paris "revue" into a Drury Lane pantomime.

Miss May de Sousa, the Cinderella, is pretty—indeed, very pretty—and she sings and dances very charmingly.

Photo, Whitlock.

MISS E. FINK, playing Cinderella at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Birmingham.

this is this year as one has learned to expect at Drury Lane.

Coming to the performers, the main interest naturally centred in Mr. Harry Fragson's first English appearance. Mr. Fragson is an Englishman who sings dainty French chansons which he composes himself, better than any living French singer. He is, indeed, the embodiment of the entente cordiale. At Drury Lane he sings with real beauty of diction five of his own songs, four with English words, and their pretty melodies are a distinct acquisition to the panto-

Photo, Hughes & Mullins.

Master Antony Parkinson, second cousin to the original "Bubbles."

Miss Queenie Leighton is a handsome enough prince to capture any girl's heart. Mr. Walter Passmore was admirably amusing, and sang and danced with great "go" and energy, and Mr. Harry Randall and Mr. Arthur Williams were both funny and "restrained."

To-day (Saturday, January 6th) Mr. Owen Hall comes to town again, and is sure of a hearty welcome at the Prince of Wales' Theatre where his new musical comedy—music by Mr. Ivan Caryll—is to be produced. This piece will be called "The Little Cherub." The following is the cast.

Lord Sanctonbury	Mr. Fred Kaye.
Shingle (*his valet*)	Mr. W. H. Berry.
Algy Southdown	Mr. Lennox Pawle.
Ethelbert (*a page boy*)	Mr. Joe Carroll.
The Rajah of Tapioca	Mr. Maurice Farkoa.
Molly Montrose	Miss Evie Greene.
Dolly, Isabel, —, — (*Lord Sanctonbury's daughters.*)	Miss Gabrielle Ray. Miss Zena Dare. Miss Lillie Elsie. Miss Grace Pindar.
Letty	Miss Elsie Clerc.

And here is the synopsis of scenes:

Act I.—Lord Sanctonbury's Town House.
Act II.—Hotel at Tunbridge Wells.
Act III.—Conservatory at Lord Sanctonbury's.

Originally founded on "Décoré," the piece now owes nothing to the rather salacious original, and Mr. Owen Hall's ripe talent has provided a "book" which he can safely claim as his own. The plot is full of possibilities, as will be seen from the following brief sketch, says "Phœbus" in the *Daily Express*.

Lord Sanctonbury—as his name implies—is a nobleman who is "anti-everything," and he has written to the *Times* strongly denouncing a piece called "The Little Cherub," in which the famous actress, Miss Molly Montrose, appears. It so happens that his four daughters, led by their aristocratic stage manager, Mr. Algy Southdown, are going to give a private performance of this very piece. Naturally, then, they want to see Miss Montrose and her company in it. So off they go to Tunbridge Wells. (Act II.)

Lord Sanctonbury, attended by his valet, Shingle—a gentleman who is always pulling him up when he shows the least sign of weakness—therefore also goes to Tunbridge Wells to see if the piece is really so bad as he hears, and, of course, meets Molly Montrose. He falls in love with her, and one of the most amusing scenes of the piece will be found in the supper scene, where the amorous peer, supping on one side with the lady (his private room, by the way, is raided by a dozen other theatre girls), and on the other his four daughters are supping with Algy Southdown. How Mr. Owen Hall straightens out his story must not be divulged here, but his way is said to be an ingenious one.

Of the "numbers," Mr. Maurice Farkoa has a good "supper song," and Miss Evie Greene is provided with a number dealing with the tricks of her profession. The cast, as will be seen, is a notable one, and offers the promise of another Prince of Wales' success.

Undeterred by the reception of his article on Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Bernard Shaw has unbosomed himself again to the *Neue Freie Presse*. This time his subject is Miss Ellen Terry, whom he incidentally contrasts with Sir Henry Irving. Mr. Shaw says: "Her art as an actress is the least interesting part of her. In contrast with Irving, to whom art was everything and life nothing, she finds life more interesting than art.

"There were never two leading members of the same profession more dissimilar than Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. Nature dowered both with wonderfully handsome and interesting faces; but the world has seen in the pictures of priests, princes, statesmen, and saints for hundreds of years faces like that of Irving, but the face of Ellen Terry has never been seen on earth before. She actually made her own beauty, and the portraits of her as a child show scarcely a feature of the wondrous woman who took London by storm in 1875. Irving was sentimental and sensitive, and, like most of his kind, careful of his own interests. He never understood others, and probably never understood himself. Miss Ellen Terry is unsentimental and non-sensitive, but she interests herself keenly in everybody and everything. She understands, and sympathises because she understands, and is kind by nature, but she is more often excited than deeply moved, and has more frequently pitied and helped than loved. I have never made a secret of my opinion that the Lyceum management, celebrated as it was, if viewed solely from the standpoint of dramatic art, was a deplorable waste of two of the most extraordinary talents of the last twenty-five years."

Not many of those who are entertained by them in music halls are aware that the modest "Brothers Adderley" off the stage are King's Corporal R. Scott, V.C., and Private J. Pitts, V.C., late of the 1st Manchesters. They were in an advanced sangar when the fierce attack was delivered by the Boers on Cæsar's Camp, at Ladysmith, on January 6, 1900. When ammunition ran short, Scott set out to cross the bullet-swept zone for a new supply, and, struck by a bullet, dropped apparently lifeless. Then Pitts twice crossed the fire zone uninjured, and Scott managed to crawl back to the sangar. For fifteen hours the sangar was held, and when at last the attack was repulsed, only two living soldiers were found in it, Scott and Pitts.

At the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, the youth of London can participate, under the cover of one huge building, in all the sights and sounds, bustle and rattle of a real "fair." There are wild beasts in great variety, a grand circus, with half a score of merry clowns, a double row of booths, each claiming attention, from domesticated fat ladies to wild savages; a railway, a magnificent and marvellous merry-go-round, and much else. There were unpleasant rumours that the World's Fair was to be done away with, but happily the stories were unfounded, and for years to come a meddling age will see the congeries of shows going strong as ever at Islington. On Saturday was begun the twenty-seventh consecutive year of

Photo, Johnston & Hoffman.

The latest portrait of Miss Margaret Hamilton, who has made a great success at the Gaiety Theatre.

the World's Fair, and the entertainments will be continued until February 10. There will be a change of programme at each of the daily performances in the circus, and fresh artists will appear every week.

The Countess of Orkney, who was formerly Miss Connie Gilchrist, of the Gaiety Theatre, has met with another serious accident in the hunting field—the second this year. She was thrown from her horse while hunting with the Whaddon Chase Hounds on Saturday, and is suffering from severe concussion of the brain. The accident occurred at Nash, near Lord Orkney's residence at Stewkley, Bucks. Lady Orkney has had various accidents in the hunting field. In April last she was seriously injured, and it was some time before she was able to get about again. Before her marriage in 1892 Lady Orkney was an enthusiastic rider, and it was their mutual interest in horses that brought about her engagement to Lord Orkney.

There was never the slightest doubt of the success of "Red Riding Hood" at the Fulham Theatre. Scenery, dresses, dances, songs—in fact, everything was excellent. Miss Alexander made a dear little Red Riding Hood, and Mr. Leonard Thiel a comic old Dame Hubbard, with a wonderful dog in the person of Fred Zeitz. The Brothers Redmond, as Johnny Stout and Willie Green, kept the audience smiling, and Mr. Andie Caine was equally humorous as Squire Wiffin. The change at the end of the first act from summer to winter evoked a round of applause, and the performance ended with a grand assembly of the armies of the world.

The Coliseum is making for itself a notable place amongst variety theatres in regard to vocal music. In the new programme, which is presented this week, singing and dancing are delicately blended in two new spectacles, staged with that elaborateness one expects at the Coliseum. The newest is an opera in miniature, called "Fenella," by A. R. Cleveland and Napoleon Lambelet. It is a gipsy story, and in it Miss Madge Temple and Mr. Richard Green appear. Miss Mabel Love makes her reappearance in an unpretentious, but very delightful, scena by Rita Strauss, Thomas Coates, Roland Carse, and Walter Slaughter. A maypole dance is a feature of the display.

It has remained for the management of the Hippodrome to discover a new medium for the presentation of ring and stage variety turns. In the novel spectacle, "Among the Stars," a number of new comedians this week appear: comedy numbers (having regard to the popularity of the Hippodrome amongst the children at this time of the year) being a strong feature of the holiday bill. In this display a company of French clowns appear in the arena, while a new troupe of Japanese acrobats go through their performance on the stage. Later in the evening Herr Sawade's lions and bears and the queer Chinese Cormorants give an entertaining display.

Photo, Lassano.

MISS FREDA VAAL, playing in "Mr. Popple," at the Apollo Theatre.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

How to Get Up Tableaux Vivants.

Tableaux vivants are an ever popular species of entertainment, and if well arranged are sure to please an audience, whereas a badly-acted farce or charade would fail even though costumes and scenery were perfect. Less time is requisite in their preparation, unless, of course, they are to be on a very elaborate scale, such as the representation of a noted picture or historical episode, when many special accessories will have to be got together, and the whole carefully planned out by an expert. Usually one rehearsal will be found sufficient, especially if the stage manager has an artistic sense of things, and an eye for effective grouping. When once the costumes have been settled upon, each actor or actress should see that they are well in hand, if they are to be home-made, as is usually the case when simple subjects have been chosen for representation.

In the first place, in order to insure success, a stage manager must be elected, and his decision must be final. This will prevent many unpleasantnesses which will otherwise manifest themselves on the part of members who wish to be cast for leading characters. In short, each member should be unselfish enough to merge her own likes in the universal good of the cause.

Next, as to stage and accessories, which are usually a somewhat serious consideration in the average middle-class residence. A slightly-raised platform is almost a necessity if the tableaux are to be presented to advantage, and it is quite possible to get this fixed up in a schoolroom or room of fair proportions by a local carpenter or handy man at comparatively small cost. Footlights can be easily improvised by small lamps and tin reflectors, while limelight effects are worked from the wings and add greatly to the charm of the representation. They should be placed in the hands of an expert, and extreme caution must be exercised with respect to all lighting arrangements.

A room with folding doors can be utilised for a performance, the one part being devoted to accommodating the spectators, and the back room—which usually has a door leading into a hall or passage—being used for the tableaux vivants. If a curtain be used to separate the rooms, a length of cord and regulated series of rings will enable it to be drawn back at a given signal, and this will form a pleasing setting to the picture.

A good stage manager will not keep his characters posed an instant before or after it is necessary.

The more instantaneous the grouping, the more lifelike will the picture appear, always granting that all has been carefully planned out beforehand. Quite impromptu tableaux, where those who take part in them are artistically gifted, are often among the most successful.

Superstitious Women are not Always Empty-headed.

Some people say that all women are superstitious; it would be difficult to prove it, but it is certainly true that many distinguished women are superstitious.

George Eliot, deep thinker though she was, was made unhappy by the sight of a hunchback or club-footed man, and did no literary work on the day she encountered one. Rosa Bonheur, the great animal painter, believed that the possession of a little leaden image of St. Anthony of Padua brought her luck. For the same reason Sarah Bernhardt wears a large uncut emerald; while Eleanora Duse pins her faith to the wearing of a little copper crucifix, made in a Siberian prison. Miss Küssner, the miniature painter, has a talisman in the form of a bracelet, woven of silvery white horsehair from the mane of a sheik's favourite Arab.

A superstition with which many wives have sympathy was that of Queen Victoria, who believed that misfortune would follow if ever she took off her wedding ring.

When a Girl is Charming.

As a rule it is the plain girl who shows herself indifferent to the attentions of the opposite sex. But singularly enough, it is when a girl is most indifferent that she becomes most charming.

But this calm feeling of indifference must not be confounded with coldness, haughtiness, or pride. If you would be charming you must take the trouble to be thoughtful and cheerful towards others.

It is the girl who talks in a quiet and dignified manner, who offers graceful little kindnesses, and who sacrifices her own comfort and ease

Photo, Fellows Willson, Kensington.
Miss Lilian Braithwaite, who came on in a new piece at the St. James's last week.

rather than inconvenience anyone, who pleases men. She may not be a beauty or a brilliant talker, but she proves herself so charming that men find it a delight to be with her.

Good Resolutions for Married Couples.

To return from a happy honeymoon full of high hopes and bright anticipations of the unknown future that stretches so fair before us. Remembering that, though at times dark clouds may momentarily obscure our happiness, the sun will soon shine through the gloom and all will be radiant again.

To live well within our income, and every year put by something for the rainy days which, sooner or later, are bound to come.

To try to correct our own individual faults, instead of wondering at the size and number of each other's.

To be perfectly frank and loyal in all our thoughts, words, and deeds, and let nothing have power to make mischief between us.

To never have a second quarrel, for the very good reason that we never have had, or intend to have, a first.

To make much of our respective mothers-in-law, and try our hardest to get on well with all our new relations.

To take for our motto that golden rule of married life—to bear and forbear.

To resolutely resolve to always stand shoulder to shoulder to fight the battle of life, for union is strength.

To never do things, however much we would like to, that we know are against the wishes of the other, and, above all, never try to deceive or have secrets from each other.

To keep a sharp look-out for the "little rift within the lute" which will change the music of the domestic duet from the glorious major to the mournful minor key.

To, if our marriage is a failure, let nobody but ourselves be aware of the sorrowful fact.

Cherry Cake.

In a basin well whisk four eggs, gradually adding to them four ounces of sifted white sugar and six ounces of sifted flour; dissolve four ounces of fresh butter without making it hot (or the cake will be heavy), beat this into the other ingredients, adding three ounces of glacé preserved cherries cut in half; lastly, *quickly* beat in a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Place the mixture in a lined tin, and bake in a moderate oven for about an hour and a quarter.

Photo, Johnston & Hoffman.
MISS EDITH KELLY, who is playing in "Mr. Popple," at the Apollo Theatre.

Giblet Soup.

Required: Three or four sets of chicken's giblets, one pound of gravy beef, three large onions, two or three bacon bones, bunch of sweet herbs, two quarts of stock.

Giblets can be bought at a poulterer's for a few pence per pound. They should be washed, and then carefully prepared. Divide each gizzard into three or four pieces and also the livers. Fry these in a little butter with one pound of gravy beef, cut into dice, until brown. Put all into a stew-pan, with the onions, a couple of bacon bones, a bunch of sweet herbs, and two quarts of stock or water. Boil gently for about four hours, strain the soup into a basin, and when cold remove the fat. Pick out any pieces of liver and meat, place in a mortar, and pound with one ounce of butter until perfectly smooth, mix with a tablespoonful of brown flour. Heat the soup in a clean saucepan, add the paste, stir thoroughly and boil for three or four minutes. Colour the soup if necessary, and serve with dice of toast.

Roast Goose.

Be careful in selecting a goose to get a young one, as old ones are very tough, and require special cooking to make them fit to eat. The young goose can be distinguished by its soft, yellow legs, which are covered with down, while those of an old goose are a reddish colour and have long hairs on them. After the goose is properly drawn wipe it inside and out with a damp cloth, and fill it with this stuffing: Boil and mash three or four potatoes and four good sized onions, add while all is hot a tablespoonful of butter and two of milk, two teaspoonfuls of powdered sage, a tablespoonful of sweet marjoram, one of salt, a good teaspoonful of pepper, and the beaten yolk of one egg. Sew up the opening and truss. Allow twenty-five minutes to every pound when roasting, and baste every ten minutes. Meanwhile stew the giblets for the gravy. Serve good gravy in one tureen and apple sauce in another.

How to Keep the Feet Warm.

The leather foot-gear should fit comfortably. Tight shoes and boots invite coldness. Sole and upper must be so flexible as to allow free movement. So far as circumstances allow, the uppers should be of substantial character.

Many persons do not make any difference in thickness of foot-gear as the seasons change. Hence, in summer their feet are hot and tender, and in the winter disagreebly cold.

It is quite as necessary to dress the foot according to the temperature of the season as it is to make a difference in the body clothing.

When the circulation is bad the feet should be bathed each night in hot water. Another plan is to dip them

Photo, Mendelssohn.
Princess Henry of Pless, whose play has been performed at Chatsworth before the King and Queen.

for a few seconds into cold water, and to rub them with towels until glowing.

Sauntering and standing obstruct the blood circulation. A slow walk is not genuine exercise; and the chronic sufferer from cold feet needs exercise of very active character. Dancing is useful.

Devilled Turkey's Legs.

Take off all the skin from the legs of the turkey, score the flesh deeply with a sharp knife. Mix on a plate a tablespoonful of made mustard, two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, one of chutney, one of anchovy essence, and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Brush the meat over with this mixture, and let it soak thoroughly into it, then, just before sending to table, grill the legs over a clear fire, and serve very hot.

An Innovation in Dress.

Why shouldn't stockings be made like gloves with a right and left shape to fit each foot? It certainly would be ever so much more comfortable than the present style, where the longest part of the stocking-foot is placed in the centre, instead of, as it should be, to meet the requirements of each big toe. One authority declares that these stockings are responsible for many deformities, the big toes being pushed out of place by the curved shape of their covering.

The curve should be only on the outer side, while a longer and straighter edge should give sufficient space for the longest and biggest toe

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.
PREPARING A CHRISTMAS PLAY: Rehearsing "Noah's Ark" at the Waldorf.

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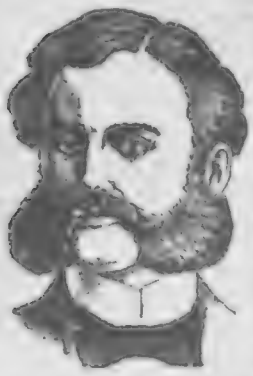

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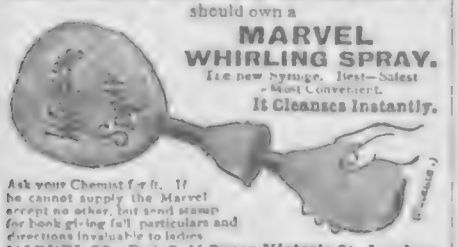

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P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

Agriculture at Home and Abroad.

In an interesting review of the agriculture of the year at home and abroad, a writer in the *Standard* says that the year 1905 has been a very favourable one for the British farmer compared with some of its immediate predecessors.

The crops as a whole were good; wheat is, in all probability, above the average, barley about up to the average, and oats below. Excepting, perhaps, for turnips, there was a heavy yield of root crops. Hop growers experienced a very favourable year, disease and insect pests being freer than for many years past. The total yield was the highest since 1886. Of the fruit crops, strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, and currants have all done well; pears are below the average, whilst plums, cherries, and apples have yielded only poor returns. Live stock have generally continued healthy. Excepting for a sudden outbreak of disease amongst swine in Cambridgeshire, which occasioned considerable loss, there has been nothing of an exceptional nature.

Export prices have been good, and the markets on the whole remunerative.

The prospects for 1906 are encouraging; agriculturists are taking a wider view of, and a more active interest in, the essential factors concerning their great industry.

Sheep Scab.

In the current issue of the journal of the Board of Agriculture, there is a short account of the methods adopted by the Board to deal with sheep scab in Scotland, which is well worthy of attention. The proposed policy of the Board was outlined in a circular letter sent out in January last, and drew attention to the three orders which had been issued. Whilst much alarm and prejudice existed in the early part of the year amongst salesmen, flock-masters, etc., it is greatly to the credit of the inspectors and others employed by the Board that this state of mind was so effectively overcome, and that the orders were so successfully carried out. The area within which these orders were carried out includes about two-thirds of Scotland, and had a sheep population of more than three and a half millions.

Prohibited Walking Sticks.

The inhabitants of the Basque country, in the south of France, are in a state of ferment because the French authorities have suddenly forbidden them to carry the Basque walking-sticks, which they have used for centuries.

The Basque is made from a branch of the medlar tree. At one end a steel spike is screwed in, over which is screwed the handle. It then forms both a club, and, when the handle is removed, a spike for driving cattle. The authorities consider them dangerous weapons.

Photo, Topical.

THE SALVATION ARMY COLONY: A general view of the buildings at Hadleigh.

Photo, Topical.

THE SALVATION ARMY COLONY: The Colony Band at Hadleigh.

Photo, Charles Brook.

THE EASTBOURNE FOXHOUNDS: The meet at Hampden Park on Boxing Day. Between two and three thousand attended the meet. This is the largest attendance since the pack was established.

£8,000 for a Carnation.

A Cincinnati florist has just sold a new carnation seedling called the "Aristocrat" for £8,000, or £2,000 more than Mr. Lawson paid for the "Lawson Pink."

Danger of the Roads.

A French motorist gives the following interesting statistics, gathered in the course of 1,000 miles' travel on the public roads:

Vehicles abandoned by their drivers	75
Drivers who refused to move out of the way	51
Drivers asleep on their vehicles	8
Drivers on the wrong side of the road	36
Drivers not holding the reins	12
Vehicles without lanterns	31
Drivers resting their horses in the middle of the road and at dangerous turnings	2
Drivers walking behind their vehicles	18
Several vehicles fastened together, and having only one lantern	10
Saddle horses left standing	13
Wandering dogs which had to be avoided	85

In the above list, of course, the word "vehicles" applies to horse-drawn vehicles, as motorists have for their own sake to be more careful. It would be interesting, says the Car, to have a similar return for English roads.

Manuring the Potato Crop.

In a recent paper on the manuring of the potato crop during the past ten years Professor T. H. Middleton points out that a mixed manure will, on the average, produce as good a crop as the season will admit of; but it should be remembered that the particular mixture which proves best on the average does not necessarily prove the best in any individual case. The potato crop is a valuable one if a heavy yield, freedom from disease, and a good cooking quality can be obtained, and it surely will pay the grower to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the manurial requirements of the crop.

The average manure here recommended consists of 12 to 15 tons of rotted farmyard manure, ½cwt. of sulphate of ammonia, ½cwt. nitrate of soda, 3cwt. 30 per cent. superphosphate, ½cwt. bone meal, and 1cwt. high-grade sulphate of potash per acre, which, at present prices, would cost, free on rail, in bags, about 34s. Starting with such a mixture, and with a resolve that he will improve upon it, the author leads the grower through a very practical course. He first emphasises the fact that all ordinary soils are so well supplied with plant food material that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred only three classes of manures will be required, viz., compounds containing nitrogen (such as sulphate of ammonia and nitrate of soda), compounds containing phosphoric acid (such as superphosphate, and basic slag), and compounds containing potash (such as sulphate and muriate of potash, and kainit). No compound of one class can replace one of another.

The farmer should, by making trials for himself, learn what his land requires; the maner of testing different fertilisers is such a simple matter that it should be neglected by no one. The value and effects of farmyard manure, artificial nitrogenous manures, phosphatic and potash manures, and lime, and the method of preparing mixtures of artificial manures are all described and discussed. The paper is an excellent one from every standpoint.

A Gardener's Diary: January.

In frosty weather wheel manure on to ground.

See that every plant which is not quite hardy is well protected from frost.

Shake off any snow which may be lying on the branches of fir trees, etc.

In mild weather digging may be done.

If it has not already been done cut back all deciduous trees, such as chestnuts, limes, and sycamores.

Prune all except the tender fruit trees, cutting back weak shoots, hard and strong ones little.

Sow early peas on a warm border.

Do not transplant this month.

Start covering rhubarb with pots or boxes for forcing, and surround them with manure.

Paths may be relaid with gravel.

The erection of arches, trellis work, or any alteration of this sort may be attended to.

Keep all plants under glass clear of decaying leaves and anything likely to cause mouldiness.

Raise temperature of greenhouses as the days become lighter.

OUR THRILLING SERIAL STORY.

The Mysterious Millionaire.

BY SIDNEY DREW.

MULDOON STEPS IN WHERE ALL OTHERS FEAR TO TREAD.

The old superstition was hard to kill. For an instant the captain's hand went to his sword-hilt.

Again the murmur ran from lip to lip.

"And I," cried Vanessa, "as thy Queen, Hadjiz, command thee to seize this insolent traitor."

No one stirred.

"Good," said Vanessa quietly, "I am disobeyed, as thou art disobeyed, Nazar. We are equal then, it seems. Again I bid thee kneel. Let us see who is the stronger."

"I kneel to none but Histor, idolatress."

"Be not so sure, for thou art lying. Thou shalt kneel to me."

She stepped down from the throne and wrenched the scimitar from the captain's sheath. Nazar winced.

"Muldoon," she cried; "my guards will not obey their Queen, and this miserable priest flaunts me. Fling him down before me, I command you."

"Yis, madame," said Terry, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

He ran forward, and, seizing Nazar by the nape of his neck, sent him spinning to the floor. He uttered a cry. The next instant Vanessa's little foot was pressing his throat. Her dark eyes flashed round the cowering circle, and the point of the scimitar hung poised over the priest's heart. Muldoon stood ready to grip her wrist, for he wanted no bloodshed.

"Leave me," she cried—"leave me, you cravens. But know this that Vanessa is still Queen, and that the reign of Histor is no more. Well may this priest quake, for he has defied me. To-morrow let them come whining to my feet for mercy or the winged vessel of Ratalji, my lord, shall burn Histor and his accursed temple into ashes. Get you gone."

The room emptied and the scimitar clattered from her hand. Then she threw herself back among the silken cushions of her throne to burst into a passion of weeping.

Muldoon, with one foot on the chest of Histor's high priest, scratched his head and pondered.

HOW THE TREASURE WAS WON.

Terry waited for a time until the Queen's first burst of passion was over. It was wounded pride that brought the gush of tears. A Queen may well weep when the servants she has trusted refuse to obey, when a miserable shrunken creature like Nazar, Histor's priest, could fill them with so much awe that her commands were ignored. Vanessa was a Queen, but she was a woman.

She lifted her beautiful head. Terry was blinking down at his prisoner and wondering to himself if he had ever seen anything uglier, except a pantomime mask. Nazar uttered no sound, but his bared teeth and gleaming eyes showed the fierce hate and anger that was blazing in his heart. Terry felt proud of Vanessa. Few women on earth would have acted as she had acted.

"Madame," he said, trying hard not to grin, "what shall I do with it?"

She was calm now, and she smiled.

"Muldoon," she answered, as she took a perfumed cigarette from the gold box beside her, "that is the question I have been asking myself. Were I the old Vanessa, I would bid you slay him, but that I know my Lord Garth would be angry. These folks, these dupes, think that Nazar cannot die; that when they have served Histor well, he takes his high priests to heaven."

She lighted the cigarette at a silver lamp, and spoke again in English, but in the old quaint way.

"Thou art brave, Muldoon, and thy lord and my lord shall know how well thou hast served Graydon Garth's wife. And thou art wise, too. Take thou this from Vanessa."

She unclasped a diamond bracelet from her wrist. Terry's eyes sparkled. He kissed the present.

Vanessa leant forward, looking into vacancy with dark, dreamy eyes.

"Thou hast a wife," she went on, "for my Lord Leckburn spoke to me of thee. Herewith I make thee captain of my guards."

"Eh, madame?" gasped Terry.

"I will make thee captain of Vanessa's guards. It will not be yet, Muldoon, though from this very day the master of my treasury shall mark down thy dues. It shall be when my lord has finished his task and we return to rule our Hill Country. And thy wife shall attend on me with many honours. Fal-Hadjiz, the coward, must still command until that day. And now, captain, advise me what I shall do with Nazar, the priest."

Terry prodded the high priest with his foot and scratched his head.

"He could wash dishes," he said, "and the cook's moighty shorrt-handed."

Vanessa burst into peal after peal of silvery laughter.

"By Histor!" she cried, "thou art full of wisdom. Well done, my captain, Nazar, the priest, shall be the cook's scullion and wash plates on my lord's vessel. Bravely done. Thou hast said it."

"Then he had better go aboard at wance," grinned Terry.

"At once. But thou must watch the knave, for he is crafty and cunning as a fox. Take him from my sight."

Terry seized Nazar roughly by the collar and jerked him to his feet.

"They may try to slay thee," said Vanessa. "What wilt thou do?"

Muldoon patted his revolver, and again the Queen laughed, her dark eyes aglow with admiration.

"Truly my husband knows a man," she cried, "and thou art one, Muldoon. And if they, fools that they are, set upon thee to rescue that insolent wretch? What then, Muldoon?"

A grin overspread Terry's face.

"I reckon, madame, the dith rate o' this iligant counthry 'ud go up."

"But if there were fifty of them?"

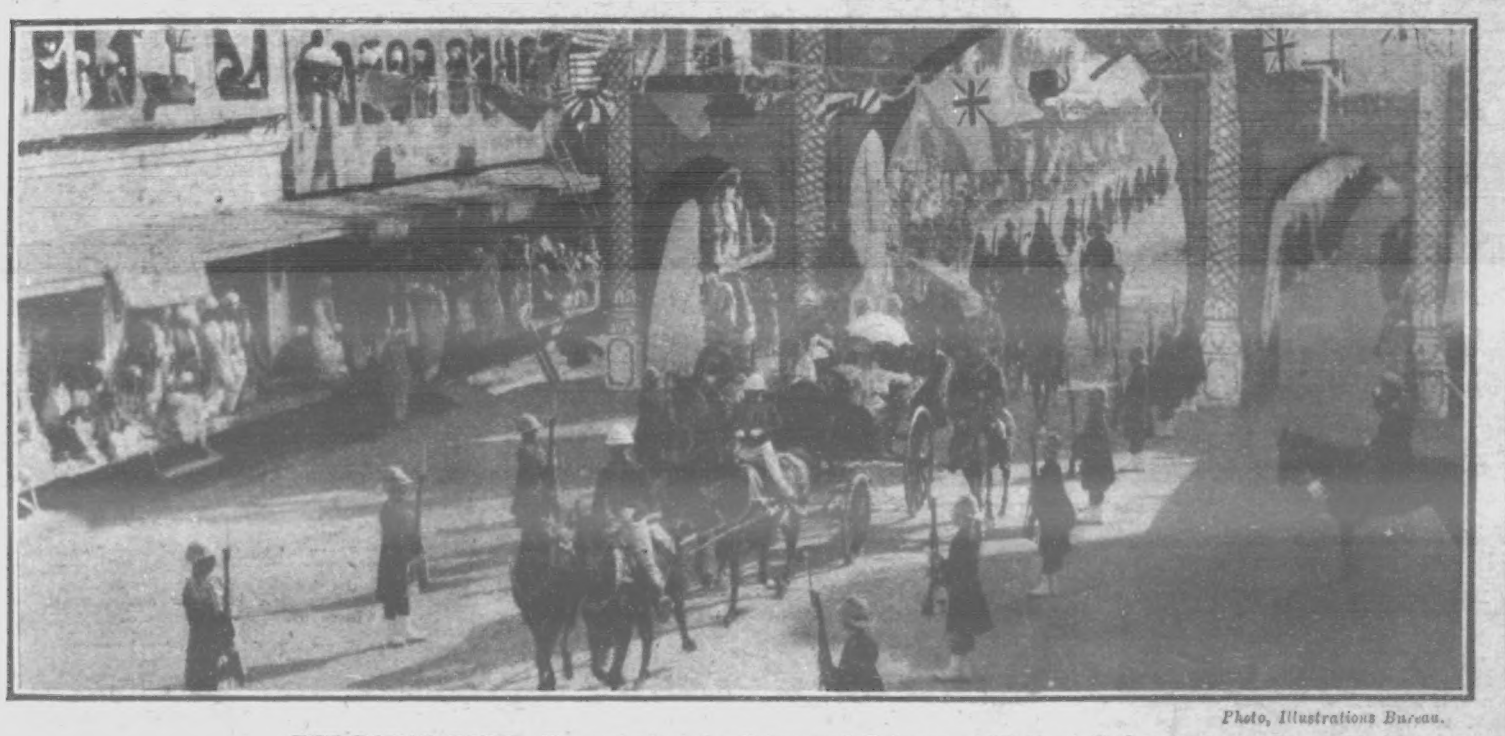
"Then order funerals for tin at laste," chuckled Terry. "Come along wid yez, rubber-face." In his grip of iron Nazar was as helpless as a rabbit in a snare. Terry bowed low and dragged his captive away. With a laugh of pleasure on her lips, Vanessa sprang swiftly to the window.

"Oh! for a hundred men like this," she muttered, "and I would teach these bragging priests a lesson. What will he do, this new captain of mine, this mad Irishman? By Histor, I shall see, for they mean to attack."

(To be continued.)

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

A LABOUR CANDIDATE'S WIFE HELPS THE UNEMPLOYED: Mrs. Will Crooks, who has opened an employment bureau in the East End. Its object is to supply cloth to the wives of the unemployed for making garments for their children.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE ROYAL TOUR: The arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Peshawar.

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THE ROYAL TOUR: The Prince and Princess driving through the Khyber Pass on their way to the Ali Musjid.

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THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

Poor old 1905 is dead. It was not such a bad year as several which had gone before it, but it was not at all a pleasant one for most of the peoples of the earth. I hope, and think, that 1906 is going to be a very great deal better. I take this opportunity of wishing all my readers the very best of luck in 1906.

The principal landmarks of the past year were the fall of Port Arthur in January, the cessation of hostilities between Russia and Japan in August, and the signing of the peace treaty in September; the outbreak of the Russian revolution in January; the earthquake in India in April, and in Italy in September; the colliery disaster at Wattstown in July; and the wreck of the *Hilda* a few months later. Other matters of

Photo, Barrett.

FOUR BROTHERS. A VOLUNTEER RECORD. 99 years' service in the 4th Notts. V.B.S.F.

On left: Pioneer Pitchford, 29 years' service. Lance-Corporal Pitchford, 22 years.

On right: Lance-Sergt. Pitchford, 23 years. Corporal Pitchford, 25 years.

mark were, the coronation of Prince Charles of Denmark as King of Norway and the visit of the French Fleet to England.

That is a pretty good record for one year, and I do not think we shall have to record nearly so many disasters and "set-backs" on civilisation in the year to come. With the experience of ourselves in South Africa and of Russia and Japan in the Far East, I do not think that any European Power will be eager just now to rush into warfare with any other big nation, and if only some means can be devised by which the greater part of our lost trade can be reclaimed for us, and if work can be found for the majority of the unemployed—two problems which it should surely be within the power of our great politicians to solve satisfactorily—I do not see why the British nation should not be again as mighty as of yore.

But I am afraid that, as a nation, we have grown into the habit of folding our hands and discussing, in front of the fire, the good old days of our youth. The Americans, and the Germans, and the New Zealanders regard us as a "back number," and we have been only too ready to sigh and say, "Alas! 'tis true." I don't think we are going to do that any more. It looks to me as if 1906 is going to be a very strenuous year, and if it does not spell prosperity for most of us it won't be for want of trying.

This is the first number of a new volume of the *P.I.P.*, and the first week of a New Year, but I will be merciful. I will not say more than I can help about "turning over new leaves," and all the usual things which one is expected to say at this season of the year—things which people are so tired of hearing. What I have to say on the subject can be squeezed into a very few lines. I will put it all into the next paragraph—and you can skip it if you like.

I want to impress upon you the fact that whatever resolutions you have made—whatever reforms you are anxious to carry through—*do it now.* Make a start. Never stop to wonder whether you can keep it up or not so long as you make a beginning. Each time you will find it getting more easy to do. The man who says "it is never too late to mend" has not seen half as much of the world as he ought to have. It is a great deal to be able to realise one's mistakes. But the great thing is to realise them *in time*. Nearly all the tragedies of modern life come from realising too late that one's deeds, or one's methods, in big things or in small, are not those which make for happiness or success. The successful man is the one who realises his mistakes almost before they are made.

Why don't the public schools run an "observation" class? The "Sherlock Homes" spirit is, I know, liable to be abused, but if the desire which is really deeply implanted in the breast of every normal boy and young man to become a scout or a detective were only directed into useful channels, we should not have so many well-meaning incompetents at the head of big businesses or in charge of our public affairs. Things are made so easy for us nowadays that few of us ever try to think for ourselves. And yet, after all, it is what we are able to read "between the lines" which supplies all the romance and interest that there is in life.

I have been reading, and not by any means for the first time, the admirable "Aids to Scouting," which was written a year or two ago by General Baden-Powell, the famous "B.-P." of Mafeking, who knows about as much of the art of observation as any man living. And I have been reading again those remarkable aids to the imagination—one might almost call them brain tonics—the memoirs and the adventures of "Sherlock Holmes." Everyone should read them.

As Dr. Smiles, in his "Self-help," has so truly observed, it is the close observation of little things which is the secret of success in business, in art, in science, and in every pursuit in life. Human knowledge is but an accumulation of small facts, made by successive generations of men, the little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured up by them growing at length into a mighty pyramid. Though many of these facts and observations seemed in the first instance to have but slight significance, they are all found to have their eventual uses and to fit into their proper places.

The difference between men consists, in a great measure, in the intelligence of their observation. The Russian proverb says of the non-observant man, "He goes through the forest and sees no firewood." "The wise man's eyes are in his head," says Solomon, "but the fool walketh in darkness." "Sir," said Johnson, on one occasion, to a fine gentleman just returned from Italy, "some men will learn more in the Hampstead stage than others in the tour of Europe." It is the mind that sees as well as the eye. Where unthinking gazers observe nothing, men who are trained observers see into the very heart of the phenomena presented to them, attentively noting differences, making comparisons, and recognising their underlying idea.

It is not accident, then, that helps a man in the world so much as purpose and persistent industry. To the feeble, the sluggish, and purposeless, the happiest accidents avail nothing—they pass them by, seeing no meaning in them. But it is astonishing how much can be accomplished if we are prompt to seize and improve the opportunities for action and effort which are constantly presenting themselves.

"Schools, academies, and colleges give but the merest beginnings of culture," says Dr. Smiles. "Far more influential is the life-education daily given in our homes, in the streets, behind counters, in workshops, at the loom and the plough, in counting-houses and manufactories, and in the busy haunts of men. This is that finishing instruction as members of Society, which Schiller designated 'the education of the human race,' consisting in action, conduct, self-culture, self-control—all that tends to discipline a man truly and fit him for the proper performance of the duties and business of life—a kind of education not to be learnt from books or acquired by any amount of mere literary training. With his usual weight of words Bacon observes, that 'Studies teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation,' a remark that holds true of actual life, as well as of the cultivation of the intellect itself. For all experience serves to illustrate and enforce the lesson, that a man perfects himself by work more than by reading—that it is life rather than literature, action rather than study, and character rather than biography, which tend perpetually to renovate mankind."

All great men have been keen observers, and all great leaders have been keen judges of character as well—in fact, the power of quickly summing up the characteristics and capabilities of the men under his command is one of the most important attributes of a leader of men in any walk of life. This cannot be acquired except by constant practice. James Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine, and head of the first great engineering firm, was one of the most industrious of men; and the story of his life proves that it is not the man of the greatest natural vigour and capacity who achieves the greatest success, but he who employs his powers with the greatest industry and the most carefully disciplined skill—the skill that comes by labour, application, and experience. Many men in his time knew far more than Watt, but none of them worked so hard as he did to turn all that he did know to useful, practical purposes. He was most persevering in the pursuit of facts. He cultivated carefully that habit of active attention and deduction on which all the higher working qualities of the mind mainly depend. There is no doubt that the difference of intellect in men depends more upon the early cultivation of this *habit of attention* that upon any great disparity between the powers of one individual and another.

I have again this week to thank a large number of readers for kind wishes and congratulations. Mr. Reginald Bond, of 15, Eglinton Road, New Ferry, Cheshire, says: "I should like to see even *more* of your good football pictures, and your fine serial story, 'The Mysterious Millionaire,' I could do with much longer instalments."

"Postman" and "A Constant Reader for Years," both, however, agree with my foreign correspondent who did not like the football pictures. The latter who, I feel sure, has never played the game, calls it, "a cruel, dangerous game, and the less we see and hear of it the better."

Mr. W. H. Greenfield, of "Harlands," Wellesley Road, Clacton-on-Sea, says: "Should you permanently come out as a 2d. paper as in your Christmas number, I think you would be overwhelmed with subscribers." Will Mr. Greenfield look through the present issue of the *P.I.P.* and let me know what he thinks of it? It is only half the size of the Christmas number, but I think that I have crammed almost as much good "copy" into the space at my command. I am receiving so much encouragement from my old readers, and new subscribers are pouring in so fast, that there is no excuse for falling off. Every issue of the *P.I.P.* will be, in future, a great improvement on the last. If it is not, write and say so.

VALENTIA STEER.

Photo, Cribb.

BLUEJACKETS AS HOSTS: The Xmas Party at the Naval Barracks, Portsmouth. The switchback railway—Jack's invention to amuse the kiddies.

Photo, Park.

LONDON JACK II.: Successor to the original Waterloo Jack, who has already collected £800 for the Railway Orphanage.

Photo, Park.

Mr. Evan Roberts, the Welsh revivalist, who has been left a life income of £5 a week by Mr. Robert Davies, a millionaire philanthropist.

Subscriptions for the PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER should be sent to the Publisher, 18 Henrietta Street, W.C. The "P.I.P." will be sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for thirteen weeks, on receipt of postal order, value 1s. 8d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; one year, 6s. 6d. Single copies post-free 1½d. For foreign postage the rates are: three months, 2s. 2d.; six months, 4s. 4d.; one year, 8s. 8d. The PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER may be sent by halfpenny post to any place in the United Kingdom. To the Colonies or any foreign place the postage is one penny.

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T. B.—Send the camera to the makers; they will thoroughly overhaul it for a small charge.

W. T. Ashwood.—I am sorry I cannot tell you the value of the coin from the rubbing you send me. I should advise you to get it valued by an expert.

E. P.—London Police-court magistrates receive a salary of £1,500 a year, except Sir Albert de Rutzen at Bow Street, who as chief magistrate receives £1,800.

QUERY.—A baron of beef is really a double sirloin, and would have to be specially ordered and specially paid for. It is only used at civic banquets and at Court at Christmas.

PATER.—You have no legal power in this country to stop your son from smoking. A drastic anti-cigarette law has been passed in Wisconsin, making it unlawful to sell, give away, or import into the State any cigarettes or cigarette materials.

JOHNNY.—Professor Emmerich, of Kimberley, has invented a new process for preserving meat, which consists in forcing a certain preparation into the veins of the dead animal, and covering the carcase with the same preparation, which leaves no taste, and is not injurious to health.

NOTICE.—Will J. Higgs (Watford), W. Barrett (Holloway), Allen D. Bailey (Ardrossan), E. J. Beddicombe (Southampton), "Old Dunelmian," John Twinberrow (Worcester), Annie Lewington (Manchester), and a number of anonymous readers, kindly accept my best thanks for their kind wishes and suggestions. The latter are all receiving consideration, and I shall be glad to hear from other readers who have improvements to suggest at any time.

The Animals' Dinner: A pretty domestic photo from Australia.

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